

PUBLIC LIBRA
PERIODICAL
AUG 28 1917

S DETROIT.

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,224 Vol. 124.

11 August 1917.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	97	VERSE:		REVIEWS:	
The Cabinet of Camouflage	100	Sad Dogs	105	Some Platitudes of a Poet	108
Claptrap about Imperialism	100	Revolt. By Morris Bent	105	Economics in Cobbett's Day	109
What of the Blockade?	101	CORRESPONDENCE:		The Campaign in South-West Africa	110
The Government and Directorships	102	Classical Quotation	105	A New Anthology	111
In the Matter of Midshipmen	103	French-Canadians	106	Once a Month	111
Eyewash	104	Part-Timers	106	Quarterlies	111
		The Mesopotamia Report	107	FINANCE:	
		The Church and the Psalter	107	The City	112
		"A Fine Catalogue"	107		

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The downpour of rain, of which we have a pretty good idea in this country, has for the time delayed the advance on the Western Front. Meanwhile the repeated counter-attacks of the Germans at Hollebeke and Westhoek have been expensive and unsuccessful, though the weather has hampered the effective use of our artillery. Our airmen continue to show admirable resolution and enterprise. On Tuesday, in spite of continuous mist, they penetrated forty miles behind the German front, and did heavy damage to railway works, derailing one train and blowing up another. The French have gained ground steadily during the week north-west of Bixschoote.

The Conservatives are the largest party in the House of Commons, without whose support no Government can stand. They have loyally supported the Liberal Government, the Coalition Government, and the present Government. It is natural and prudent on their part that Conservatives should want to know whether Mr. Lloyd George, in his pursuit of victory, is not leading them to the edge of an abyss of international anarchy. We call attention in a leading article to the logical consequence of the views on International Socialism held by the associates of Messrs. Henderson and Ramsay Macdonald. Have Conservatives ever reflected that we hold Egypt and India by the sword of Imperialism?

The consequence of patronising revolution in Russia we know to our cost. Suppose we send a Cabinet Minister, flanked by a brace of International Socialists, to discuss the settlement of the world with Russian Anarchists and German Socialists. And suppose the International Conference turns round upon our delegates and asks: "What does Britain mean by keeping Egypt and India under the rule of the sword? You must take a plebiscite of Egyptians and Indians and restore their country to them." If these remarks were addressed to Messrs. Henderson and Macdonald,

they would look very foolish, and we know not what answer they could make to the international brotherhood of rascallions. Great Britain is a monarchical Government, the head of an Empire, and our statesmen merely make us ridiculous and dirty by dabbling in the cesspool of internationalism.

Mr. King asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer what was the object of Mr. Henderson's mission to Petrograd; whether he was sent, for instance, to interfere with or override the authority of the British Ambassador. The usual shuffling official answer was returned about "consulting and communicating." The truth is that Mr. Henderson was sent by the Cabinet on a trial trip to see whether the Revolutionary Government would prefer him as Ambassador to Sir George Buchanan. It was apparently thought that Sir George Buchanan might not be sufficiently republican to suit the taste of Saint Just and Co., and if so the Secretary of the Socialist-Labour Party was meant to supplant him. Could the policy of truckling to Russian revolutionaries go farther? Strangely enough, the Russian Jacobins preferred an English gentleman to a Labour Secretary.

Here is a good and true story from the sea. A light cruiser shot down a Zeppelin, whereupon the officer in command signalled to his consort, "Zepp. shot down. Gun, 41." The answer came back: "See hymn No. —, last verse." It was turned up, and read:—

"Oh, happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize."

It is impossible to go on making stirring war speeches indefinitely, and the Prime Minister's oration at the Queen's Hall was lacking in novelty and fire. Two notes were distinguishable. The Prime Minister confined himself to Restoration, dropping for the moment Reparation and Security. It is a variant of

Que messieurs les assassins commencent. If the Kaiser is sincere in his peace talk, let him begin by evacuating Belgium, France, and Serbia. Europe can then discuss the re-settlement of Europe at leisure. The other note was: "No next time," that is, we must make quite sure that there will never again be such a war.

As the world is organised at present, we do not believe that it is possible to prevent wars for all time. As long as there is money, and as long as there are women to spend it, men will fight with one another, and when groups of men or nations fight there is war. What makes war? The desire of men to get rich, variously described as Imperial expansion, or a place in the sun—not, indeed, the few rays craved by Diogenes, but dumping places for national goods. Why do men desire to get rich? In order that they may give diamonds, motors, and frocks to their women. Even Malthus could not suppress women; but there are two measures which would do more to prevent war than all the leagues or treaties imaginable. Make it a *casus belli* for one nation to lend money to another; and pass a universal sumptuary law forbidding women to wear precious stones, furs, and any other stuffs but cotton and wool. These two simple measures would stop all wars, as they would eliminate the greed of financiers, and the luxury of women.

We write of the world as at present organised, and composed of the men and women known to us. It is, of course, possible that when the divine breath of democracy has purified man and womankind, things will be different. Then "distribution may undo excess and each man have enough." Let us hope it may be so; but we have no experience of the working of democracy on the gigantic scale of modern states, except in America. The United States have kept out of foreign wars for over a century, but they had a long and sanguinary civil war fifty years ago. It must also be remembered that the United States are practically a huge island with 3,000 miles of sea separating them from Europe and 5,000 miles of sea between them and the Yellow Peril of the East. Further, there is still plenty of unoccupied territory in the northern continent of America, with the best climate in the world. If the German and Austrian Emperors were deposed to-morrow, it would be impossible to assert that there would be perpetual peace between European democracies.

Mr. Gerard's revelations open dramatically with the Kaiser seated under a tent-umbrella in his garden with two dachshunds at his feet, scribbling on telegraph forms a string of lies to President Wilson. But the Kaiser is not an artistic liar. Once in our salad days we asked an editor whether what we wrote must be true. "Not necessarily true, but *vraisemblable*," was the answer. The Kaiser's lies were not even *vraisemblable*. Who, for instance, with the most elementary knowledge of the British Constitution would believe that King George gave Prince Henry of Prussia a verbal message for the Kaiser that Great Britain would remain neutral in the event of war between Germany and Austria and France and Russia? King George could not have given such a message if he would, and would not if he could, as nobody knew better than the Kaiser. This lie was not worth the official contradiction.

Prince Henry, the Kaiser's brother, Admiral of the German Fleet, was a week before the war scouring England in his motor as a spy. Strange nation, whose princes and ambassadors abuse the hospitality shown them by foreigners to act as spies! Prince Lichnowski was too much of a gentleman for this dirty work, which he left to Baron von Kühlmann, who spied on the Prince his master, as well as on unsuspecting London. This arch-spy has now been appointed Foreign Secretary to the German Empire, and presumably the Entente Powers will be asked to

sign a treaty with him after the war! He is perhaps more cunning than the Kaiser, who, like another famous diplomatist, *ment toujours mais ne trompe jamais*. The All-Highest blunderer had the incredible fatuity to refer to the fact that Lord Grey agreed to the proposal that Austria should occupy Belgrade as a pledge for the fulfilment of Austria's demands on Serbia. Why, Austria accepted the proposal and Bethmann-Hollweg suppressed the acceptance! The Ems telegram is nothing to this.

There is a very curious passage in Mr. Gerard's chapters about his interview with the Kaiser in August 1914. "The Kaiser talked rather despondently about the war. I tried to cheer him up by saying the German troops would soon be in Paris!" The mark of exclamation is ours. This attempt to cheer the Kaiser must be compared with a banquet at Berlin at which Mr. Gerard was reported to have made a speech in which flattery of the Kaiser and his Chancellor was laid on with a trowel. This report may have been false, but it was never, so far as we know, contradicted. Mr. Gerard's diplomacy at the beginning of the war was seemingly of the Pauline kind, all things to all men.

Plymouth was an appropriate setting for the American Ambassador's speech. As a pendant to Drake's game of bowls with the Armada in the offing we have Admiral Halsey's story that he received a midshipman's order to join his ship for the battle of Jutland whilst he was playing golf. Dr. Page made one valuable suggestion for drawing closer the bonds between Great Britain and America, that the historical textbooks of both nations should be re-written, and that the cinema film should be requisitioned for the same purpose. "Let me make a nation's songs, and I care not who makes her laws," said some mythical statesman (probably a Grub Street journalist). The County Councils are too careless in their selection of elementary school teachers, who are nearly always Radical-Socialists.

There are now four American leaders of opinion endeavouring to cocker up the American people to a sense of their interest in the war. President Wilson and Dr. Page preach the idealistic point of view, that it is the duty of the great Western Republic to strike a decisive blow at autocracy and for democracy. Mr. Secretary Lansing and Mr. ex-Ambassador Gerard preach a stern realism, that if the Americans do not crush the German Emperor, he will crush them. Some say that the Americans are the most sentimental and idealistic people in the world. Others maintain that they are the most materialistic. Probably they are, like the British, a compound of sentiment and realism. It has been said that every man is born a Platonist or an Aristotelian, though few have heard of either of those philosophers. A man is an idealist or a realist according to his temperament, the way in which his blood circulates. The Americans have now both points of view before them.

Lord Selborne is the right man to raise the question of the sale of peerages as his father won an earldom by intellectual merit as a lawyer. The debate in the House of Lords ended, as all such debates must end, inconclusively. The truth is that, with few exceptions, the origin of all earthly honours and rewards is besmirched. Shakespeare makes Henry IV., in admitting to the Prince of Wales that the Crown had been won by "by-paths and indirect crook'd ways," add the fine lines:

"To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth."

That is it. The father schemes, and bribes, and steals, that his son may wear a coronet from which "the soil of achievement" has been rubbed off.

A new peer, who happens to be of old family, confided to us his opinion that the origin of most peerages would, if historically examined, be traced to a criminal or at least unworthy source. Certainly the history of the Scottish peerage is stained with deeds of violence, while Irish peerages are held either by the descendants of robber chieftains or Castlereagh's creatures. With regard to the English peerage, it is a common saying that the Wars of the Roses destroyed all the old nobility. Leaving that point to the Heralds' College and Mr. Vicary Gibbs, there were, until twenty years ago, three sources from which the English peerage drew its supplies, namely, Henry VIII.'s Commissioners for the plunder of the monasteries, the Stuart minions and purchasers, and the second Pitt's creations, generally styled "the *roturier* peers of George III."

Most of the Tudor and Stuart peerages are on moral grounds indefensible. James I. bargained hard with Sir William Cavendish as to whether ten or twenty thousand pounds should be the price of the Earldom of Devonshire, the county in which they happened to be travelling, and in which the earls and dukes of that name have never owned an estate. Some of the Stuart titles were procured by services not mentionable to ears polite. Pitt's profuse distribution of coronets was a measure of political self-defence; he was fighting for his life against the Whig aristocracy, who had monopolised power for nearly a century, and who tried to pass a Bill to prevent the King from granting any more peerages. The House of Lords was in 1784 entirely in their hands, and Pitt and George III. agreed to a mild measure of "swamping."

Towards the end of a rather pompous and Olympian oration, Lord Curzon made the sensible and true remark that there is nothing discreditable or corrupt in a subscription to party funds. All men with a serious or patriotic outlook on life—unless cursed with the judicial mind—believe that one or another political party is the organisation of their views or principles of government. Why should they not give money to that party? It is a better use of their wealth than buying motors, or castles, or diamonds for their women. As Lord Curzon said, it may be their only way of helping the national life. And if party funds are a legitimate public object on which to spend money, why should not the contributor be recognised by the party which he helps? "*Do ut des*" holds in politics as in diplomacy.

The peerages which have in recent times excited public criticism are those given to individuals who have taken no prominent part in political life, who are not distinguished intellectually in the worlds of art, science, letters, or law, who have been connected with the foundation of no charitable or philanthropic institution, and who have been ennobled, it is not uncharitable to infer, for their wealth alone. When Lord Curzon said he knew of no such cases, most people, including Lord Salisbury, put it down to affectation. But we do not think it was so. Lord Curzon is the most self-absorbed person under the sun, and we can quite believe that he has never heard of Lord Astor or Lord Beaverbrook.

The *Daily Express* very properly calls attention to the business of the Navy and Army Canteen Board, which has succeeded the Army Canteen Committee, a registered joint-stock company. The annual turnover of the Navy and Army Canteen Board is between twenty and twenty-four million pounds, of which some twelve or thirteen millions are public money—that is, they are made up of the fivepences deducted from the private's pay. Why the Army Council and the Quartermaster-General have handed over this huge business to a joint-stock and quasi-private company it would be interesting to know.

Mr. Towle and Mr. Gordon Leith, two business men of standing and undoubted probity, are on the Board. So is Sir Alexander Prince, formerly a partner in a firm of Army contractors whose business he sold to the Army Canteen Committee. The House of Commons should insist on the control of the Board's affairs.

The report of the Committee appointed to consider the existing examination for Class I. of the Civil Service (Home and India) was issued on Saturday last. Their revised scheme "does equal justice to all universities," placing modern languages and science on a level with Greek and Latin. They are not inclined, however, "to put any handicap on the widest, the most systematic, and the most consistent humanistic education that at present exists in this country." Scientific sections include the comparatively new studies of anthropology and experimental psychology. Section A, to be taken by all candidates, includes an "Essay" and "English," questions on contemporary subjects, questions on general principles of science, translations from a language not otherwise taken by the examinee, and a *viva voce* examination on matters of general interest. All these subjects, except the last-named, have a maximum of 100 marks, which seems to us certainly inadequate for the first two. By *viva voce* three times as much can be gained, which is absurd.

We hope that the spirits of Lord George Bentinck and Lord Beaconsfield are somewhere up above and in possession of sentient faculties. If so, they must smilingly congratulate one another on the re-enactment of the Corn Law by a Radical Prime Minister, and the triumphant vindication of the policy for which they fought so hard in 1846. There is little doubt that his exertions in defence of the Corn Law and his fury at the treachery of Sir Robert Peel killed Lord George Bentinck, who had heart disease, and was found dead in a field between Welbeck and Thoresby. The death of Bentinck and the repeal of the Corn Law were the stepping-stones on which Disraeli rose to the leadership of the Tory party. That agriculture is the greatest of British interests, as these two statesmen maintained, is now admitted by all parties.

There is a decided split in the Labour Party over the question of allowing Messrs. Henderson and Macdonald to attend the Stockholm Conference. At the time of going to press the Conference of the Labour Party to be addressed by Mr. Henderson had not recorded their decision, but the British Workers' League, presided over by Mr. Havelock Wilson, and supported by Messrs. Barnes, G. Roberts, Appleton, S. Walsh, and Seddon, emphatically renounced Stockholm and all its works. The remarkable thing is that our war and foreign policy is directed not by the Cabinet, still less by the House of Commons, but by the various bodies of organised labour. Why not say honestly that Great Britain is ruled by a Labour Government, under the dual control of Messrs. Henderson and Macdonald?

The House of Commons, so far as we can follow its proceedings in the compressed reports given by the papers, has decided that where there are more than two candidates for one seat the single transferable vote shall be used, and that in the election of university members, where there are two seats to be filled, the elector shall have only one vote, but it shall be a transferable or preferential vote. We don't care to repeat our objections to proportional representation; but certainly it can be more safely tried in the university constituencies than in any other. For the present it has been decided to hold all the elections on the same day, which will disfranchise a great many people having two qualifications in widely separated constituencies.

* THE CABINET OF CAMOUFLAGE.

CAMOUFLAGE is not in the dictionaries, but it has been defined to us by one who knows as "the concealment of the presence of a person or thing by causing his or its colour to blend with his or its surroundings." Like all arts, it is an imitation of Nature, which is the greatest of camouflagists. The tiger is striped that it may creep unobserved through the jungle of bamboos; the panther is dotted that it may be undiscernible amongst the moss-covered rocks. The great prototype of camouflage is the chameleon, which turns green, black, or blue according to its surroundings. In the war those great artists, the French, have adopted camouflage to conceal, by the employment of colour, the presence of guns or men, which are made to resemble trees or houses. It is evident that the Prime Minister, who is nothing if not imitative, has employed camouflage in the construction of his Cabinet. For he has placed Mr. Bonar Law, the Leader of the Unionists in the House of Commons, Sir Edward Carson, the Ulster champion, and Lords Curzon and Milner, two Tory proconsuls, in prominent places, and by the cunning of camouflage he has so blended their colour with that of their surroundings that they are indistinguishable from Messrs. Henderson and Ramsay Macdonald. We assume, of course, that Lords Curzon and Milner and Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson are members of the Cabinet, though our evidence is only second-hand. A philosopher in the early part of the last century asked: "Suppose I should deny that Buonaparte was dead: what is your evidence? A distant island, the witnesses dead or interested." Swift maintained that the Anglican bishops in Ireland in the eighteenth century were really highwaymen, who, having murdered the newly appointed prelates on their way over Hounslow Heath, donned their robes and proceeded across Channel to the discharge of their sacred duties. If we are challenged to produce the evidence on which we believe that Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson and Lords Curzon and Milner are members of the Cabinet we can only fall back on common report and the newspapers. Assuming, however, on the best evidence obtainable, that these four Tory leaders are members of the Cabinet, we assert emphatically that they cannot be distinguished from Messrs. Henderson and Macdonald. By a still higher reach of his art, this superb camoufleur, Mr. Lloyd George, has by some splashes of colour made Mr. Ramsay Macdonald look exactly like Lords Curzon and Milner and Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson. So that when we would direct the fire of our criticism upon Mr. Ramsay Macdonald for his intrigues with Russian anarchists our shells alight upon the persons of Lords Curzon and Milner and Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson. Or if, *vice versa*, we would attack the four Tory statesmen for their acquiescence in dangerous policies, we merely hit Mr. Henderson. Great indeed is the art of camouflage, and great is Mr. Lloyd George, its most eminent practitioner!

CLAPTRAP ABOUT IMPERIALISM.

ONE of the catch-phrases of the moment is "No Imperialism." With the pacifists and revolutionary Socialists it is as popular as "peace without annexations or indemnities." It is the password for all the rival groups of demagogues and dreamers whom mob-rioting has tossed to the surface in Russia; it is obviously going to be brought forward at the Stockholm Conference as the primary article of faith to which the representatives of all the proletariats, allied and belligerent, are to pledge themselves. And in their feverish anxiety to conciliate the Workmen's and Soldiers' Committee, and their labour sympathisers elsewhere, it seems quite probable that some of our own Ministers will swallow it and allow the accommodating Mr. Henderson to announce officially that his Government accepts the formula and is quite eager to renounce the accursed thing. Imperialism has already become a word of reproach with some who speak to congresses and write in newspapers. They take it for granted that the idea it conveys must be condemned by all the progressive nations who are fighting, in President Wilson's words, to make the world safe for democracy.

English statesmen will do that with a light heart because they do not know what Imperialism means for Continental thinkers and international agitators. With us it has no exact signification, being to some Englishmen a loose synonym for an enlarged and generous kind of patriotism, while by others it is disliked because they associate it with vainglorious materialism and aggressive swagger. But, anyhow, it is not here a term of art, and any Briton might say he was an Imperialist, or that he objected to Imperialism, without committing himself to any definite set of opinions. On the Continent the word has a precise meaning. It stands for a system of thought, a view of life. Our public men do not, as a rule, spend their time in making themselves acquainted with the works of foreign political theorists or they would have been less shocked and startled than they were when Treitschke and Bernhardi swam into their ken in the first months of the war. It is quite likely that not one of the seventy or eighty office-holders in our present central administration has troubled to read the five volumes in which M. Seilliére has expounded with brilliancy and wide knowledge the "philosophy of Imperialism" in its reaction, as he sees it, not only upon politics but upon art, literature, morals, and religion. If they had done so they would know what is implied in the oath of renunciation they are invited to take. They would understand that they would not be pledging themselves to a vague formula but to a definite doctrine intended to determine State policy and international relations.

M. Seilliére shows that Imperialism, to put it shortly, means social and national self-assertion. It means expansion in response to external stimuli, and it also means conservation and resistance to disruptive forces, whether these come from without or within. The anti-Imperialist objects to both processes. He would resist the Will-to-Power not merely in its active form of aggression or conquest, but also in its passive phase of maintaining existing integrations. Every community or group of persons should be self-dependent, self-controlled, and self-realising, as indeed every individual should be so far as possible. Neither military, mental, nor cultural superiority, neither race, wealth, birth, nor historical tradition can confer upon any State, class, or person the right to dominate, rule, or direct any other. When he is logical this kind of anti-Imperialist is a sheer anarchist, as some of the talkers of the Russian revolution clubs in fact are. The majority are content to maintain that the "people," that is, the labour masses, should have the absolute direction of economic as well as political resources, and that every "people," grouped together locally, should be relieved from the dictation and interference of any external authority. Any people or a fragment of a

people that cares to call itself a nation is a nation; it is a nation even if it does not know it; and any other national power or unit that seeks to control it, or even combine with it for administrative purposes, is guilty of Imperialism.

In the light of this definition it is easy to understand why Russian revolutionary delegates and some of their Socialist friends from other countries can go to Stockholm in a mood of scientific impartiality. They have no particular feeling against the common enemy. They may not like Prussian Imperialism, but they do not like British, French, Italian, or American Imperialism either, and being singularly open-minded inquirers, they are prepared to weigh one set of deplorable errors against another. No doubt it would be wrong for Germany to annex Belgium, and for Austria to incorporate Serbia. But it is equally wrong for England to rule in India and for France to retain Algeria. When we are considering whether Prussia ought not to retire from Poland and Alsace, let us also consider whether Britain should not withdraw from Egypt, the Sudan, Nigeria, East Africa, the West Indies, Fiji, and Rhodesia—not to mention Ireland. All colonies and dependencies are tainted with Imperialism; no country ought to have any; and therefore Great Britain and France are really more culpable than Germany, which has only seized some hundred thousand square miles of territory in Europe, whereas they have possessed themselves of some millions in Africa and Asia. "No-Imperialism" means that all the "Colonial" Powers (colonisation is only a bad form of the malady) are to give up their external possessions, no matter how they got them, or when.

This, be it noted, is not held as a merely academic opinion. The representatives of the Russian Socialists intend that the whole large question shall be raised at Stockholm and in the Peace Conference. Nothing would suit the German Government and its open or secret agents better. They would be extremely pleased to find their proceedings during the past three years mixed up with a discussion over Tunis and Tripoli, Egypt and India. They would be only too delighted to afford their help in establishing machinery for the general repression or limitation of Imperialism. But how can any British statesman have anything to do with this perilous stuff? They are all, in the Continental and revolutionary sense, Imperialists. They need not be Jingoes or expansionists, but presumably they do believe in the British Empire, and wish that it shall be preserved. M. Seilliére says that most of our more patriotic writers and men of action in the last and present century would bear the condemnatory label. Kingsley and Carlyle were Imperialists; so was Seeley, and so is Mr. Kipling, and so were, or are, Cecil Rhodes and Joseph Chamberlain and "those pro-consuls of kingly gait, Milner and Curzon." These kingly pro-consuls are members of the War Cabinet, which is allowing another of its members to enter into colloquy with Russian and German Socialists, who regard the British Empire as an engine of oppression and a monument of iniquity. They will be wise if they lay strict injunctions upon their colleague not to commit himself and them to any formal support of the "No-Imperialism" movement. They will be wiser still if they avoid the danger by keeping him at home.

WHAT OF THE BLOCKADE?

WE do not know if the public have followed the obscure and acrimonious controversy which has raged round the conduct of our Blockade. Figures which seem flatly to contradict each other have been quoted upon both sides and arguments used which range through a whole complex of subjects—law, history, geography, economics, and international relations. These are confusing to the lay mind, and perhaps some service might be done in

getting back to what are, after all, the essentials of the question.

The case against our conduct of the Blockade, shortly put, is that we have allowed the neutral countries adjacent to Germany to supply her with vast quantities of food and raw materials. It is alleged that only because of these supplies has Germany been able to continue the war. The defence is that Germany could not have been starved into submission, as she supplies herself with at least 75 per cent. of her food requirements; that we had no right to prevent the adjacent neutral countries from supplying Germany; and that if we had used our power for that purpose we should have forced the neutrals into a league against us, and perhaps have even brought upon ourselves the active hostility of the United States. The hostility of the neutrals, so it is argued, was a danger England could not face, for the reason that she depends in such measure upon neutral supplies. But, contrariwise, by indulging the neutrals we have kept their sympathy and have even secured the active alliance of the United States.

Let us look at these arguments a little more closely. And first a word as to Germany's self-sufficiency. German, like Dutch and Danish agriculture, might be described as a scientific manufacture of human food by the use of imported raw materials. The raw materials imported were chiefly cattle food and artificial manures. A great part of the land of Germany—more especially Prussia—is naturally poor, and the climate severe. The result is that the land has to be plentifully manured, and the cattle have to be housed and hand-fed. As Germany imported her feeding-stuffs mainly from Russia and overseas, and as her manures were also largely imported, the food production of Germany in peace is no fair test of her capacity for food production in time of war. Germany, in fact, can supply herself with a bare sufficiency of food only when she can import the raw materials from which that food is manufactured. What we are able to gather of the position in Germany since war began goes to confirm that view. There has been a great scarcity of animal fats, and the Germans have been reduced to the extraction of fats from grain and even from sewage. There has been a great slaughter of pigs, and although the German herd of cattle has been maintained almost up to pre-war strength, the beasts are all horns and truck, as farmers say—fit only to supply lean beef and hides. For her fats Germany has depended mainly upon Denmark and Holland.

Now the Danish and Dutch systems of agriculture much resemble the German. Manures and feeding-stuffs are imported, turned into animal fats, and re-exported in the shape of bacon, butter, cheese, lard, and fat beef or fattened cattle. There is also a large exportation of eggs and potatoes or potato flour, also depending on the importation of raw materials in the shape of maize and chemical manures, and of fish. Before the war these products came in the main to this country; but since the war there has been a diversion. By 1916 Holland had almost ceased to export food to the United Kingdom, and the export of Danish produce had fallen by at least half, if we take quantities—the only true basis of comparison—as our standard. This diversion, it may be said, was entirely within the rights of these two countries. And so, no doubt, it was. But the food production itself depended, as we have shown, on importation from overseas, and this importation we had the power to stop. If our Navy had been allowed, not a ton of cattle food or manures would have gone into Denmark or Holland, and the power of production of both these countries would have been so reduced as to leave no margin at all for export. As for the fish with which Germany was supplied, they could not have been caught without the jute and the petrol imported for Dutch and Danish fishermen from overseas. Yet so far from restricting those vital supplies of manures, feeding-stuffs, and so forth, our declared policy has

been to allow Denmark and Holland not merely their pre-war requirements, but 10 per cent. over. And there is reason to believe that in some commodities at least this 10 per cent. margin has been largely exceeded. Thus, for example, in soya beans—a very valuable oil seed—the Danish importations exceeded by 150 per cent. the pre-war figures. To sum up, while Holland and Denmark diverted their food exports from this country to Germany, we allowed them to increase the importation of their agricultural raw materials. We maintained fat factories at full blast on the German border, although we had no control of the production of these fat factories. Naturally, the Danes and the Dutch took the highest price—which was the German price. We do not propose to go far into the figures of the Danish and Dutch exports to Germany: we believe we are correct in saying that the official figures, at least for Denmark, are very much under the mark. We believe it to be established that in the one item of fattened cattle the Danish exports over a long period were from 8,000 to 10,000 head per week. As for the Dutch exports of butter, cheese, eggs, meat, and potatoes, Holland exported in 1913 to England 214,184 tons, to Germany 227,177 tons; in 1916, to England 22,932 tons, to Germany 309,476 tons. We take it to be established that the export of food from Holland and Denmark represented to Germany the difference between a tolerable and an intolerable situation, and that this export could have been stopped by an embargo on the import of the raw materials from which it was manufactured. And, further, that the exports of food from those countries to this country dropped so considerably that they cannot be regarded as compensation for the increased power given to Germany. If the raw materials had been diverted from Dutch and Danish to British agriculture the yield would probably have far surpassed the food supplies we have received by allowing them to go through. To keep our home farms on the German borders was never a wise policy; but to keep them there in time of war seems gratuitously rash and dangerous. It meant for us two perilous crossings and the diversion of valuable shipping, and for the Germans it meant a source of supplies of which they could not fail to take advantage.

And now let us come to the danger of arousing neutral hostility by a strict blockade. That Holland should have gone to war on the side of Germany is, of course, possible; but in any circumstances unlikely, for Holland's most valuable possession, the loss of which would reduce her to bankruptcy, is the Dutch East Indies, and the Dutch East Indies are, of course, in our power. The national sentiment of the Danes would probably prevent Denmark from ever siding with Germany; but if she did we should hardly describe it as a serious disaster for the Allies.

The case of the United States is different. If they had sided with Germany, or even stopped supplies to the Allies, it would have been a very serious, perhaps even a fatal, development. But we believe that at the beginning of the war Washington was resigned to the imposition of a strict blockade. The Americans were faced with the loss of a considerable commerce—the commerce with Germany and the adjacent neutrals; but, on the other hand, they had the secure prospect of an enormous increase in their commerce with England, France, and Russia. If they quarrelled with the Allies they stood to lose both and to gain nothing but hard knocks on the Pacific as well as on the Atlantic. Moreover, as we know, the United States have always taken a catholic view of naval blockade in war and have exercised it with such vigour that they would have found it very hard to present any logical case even against an extreme use of our naval powers.

But let us take it that our Foreign Office followed the policy we have described because they feared the United States. How does this theory fit the facts? A great part of the foodstuffs and manures which we

allowed Denmark and Holland to import did not come from the United States at all. A large part of the manures were the produce of English gasworks. The oil seeds and oil nuts, the maize, the rice and rice flour, with which the cattle, pigs, and poultry of Denmark and Holland were fattened came not from the United States, but from the British Empire and the Far East. The jute with which Dutch and Danish fishermen caught the fish which they sold to Germany came not from America, but from British India.

No; the hypothesis that our blockade policy was dictated by fear of the United States does not fit the facts. By what, then, was it dictated? We do not pretend to know, any more than we are able to explain the attitude of mind which led the Foreign Office to the surrenders of sea power embodied in The Hague Conventions. We fear, however, that the United States may even now be hampered by the commitments and agreements of the British Government, and that Washington may be prevented by London from exercising to the full those doctrines laid down with such admirable clearness and learning by Captain Mahan. We assert that the war would by now have been over if the British Navy had been allowed to blockade Germany, and we suggest that the House of Commons should insist upon an immediate inquiry into the whole subject upon the lines of the Dardanelles and the Mesopotamia Commissions.

THE GOVERNMENT AND DIRECTORSHIPS.

WHEN Lord Rhondda was about to join the Government as Food Controller, Sir Frederick Banbury wrote to the papers, pointing out that Lord Rhondda was a director of some thirty companies, and that Liberal Prime Ministers had propounded a rule that no member of the Government should hold directorships. Lord Rhondda then wrote a letter to the papers, stating that he had resigned all his directorships but one in a private company. Sir Frederick Banbury's letter and Lord Rhondda's reply were both quite correct, relating to a matter of public interest. The sequel is remarkable. An account of importance, apparently controlled by Lord Rhondda, was withdrawn from the London and Provincial Bank, of which Sir Frederick Banbury is a director. We may be sure that the loss of a big account excited comment at the next meeting of the bank directors, and Sir Frederick Banbury, in consequence, resigned his seat on the board. If these are the facts, Lord Rhondda's conduct seems very questionable, for if people withdrew their accounts from banks because they happened to dislike the political action of one of the directors, a bank director could not do his duty as a member of Parliament. Or, in other words, a bank director could not be a member of Parliament, which would certainly be regrettable.

This whole question of directorships and Government appointments wants threshing out. We regard the rule—if such it can be called—that a man on joining the Government should be required to resign his directorships as absurd and mischievous for two reasons. Firstly, because by calling upon a man to resign a permanent income for a temporary salary you must lose the services of many able financiers. Secondly, because you make the man resign his seat on the board, but allow him to keep his shareholding, which is the more important interest. Suppose, for instance, Sir John Ellerman or Sir Owen Philipps were invited to join the Government, but told that they must give up their directorships, because the Government might make contracts with their companies. If these gentlemen were allowed to keep their shareholdings the absurdity of the rule would be obvious, because it is the shareholders, not the directors, who would be benefited by the Government contracts. Their directorships are nothing to these

men: it is their shares they care about. Or take the case of Sir Alfred Mond. We presume that he has resigned his seat on the board of Messrs. Brunner, Mond and Co. We do not know whether the Government buys any chemicals from Messrs. Brunner, Mond; but we feel pretty sure that Sir Alfred Mond has not resigned his shares in that company. Is it not a childish rule to call upon a business man to give up a few hundreds a year as a director while allowing him to make thousands a year as a shareholder? There is a really dangerous practice in connection with directorships, to which attention ought to be drawn. We mean the seduction of brilliant naval and military officers from the service of their country by the offer of huge directors' fees by the great armament firms. Another practice, scandalous rather than dangerous, is the placing of ex-Government officials on the boards of these firms for the purpose of getting Government contracts. This is simply a form of corruption.

Why is a member of the Government called upon to surrender the directorship of a public company if he is allowed to retain his interest in a private firm? Mr. Anderson, who has just been appointed to a post in the Admiralty, is a partner in a shipping firm. Has he been required to surrender that partnership? These questions are interesting to-day because the sinister influence of monied men upon the Government was never more potent. The directors of the armament firms, and certain Canadian financiers by no means honoured in Canada, have far too much to do with the inner councils of the Cabinet.

IN THE MATTER OF MIDSHIPMEN.

MANY months of incubation have been necessary to bring the magnates of the Financial Department of the Board of Admiralty to see the equity of abolishing the compulsory allowance which parents and guardians were compelled to make to midshipmen and acting sub-lieutenants. These boys have taken all the risks of war; their gallantry and cheerfulness under all circumstances of danger have been the theme of many a story; more than a hundred of them have laid down their lives for their country. Yet, after some £600 or £700 had been spent in training them for their country's service, their parents were given to understand that, since they were not yet fully hatched into officers, £50 a year in the case of midshipmen and £20 in the case of acting sub-lieutenants must still be found to supplement the gorgeous pay of 1s. 9d. a day (3d. stopped for instruction) given to the former and 3s. 6d. to the latter, in order that they might keep themselves, if not as officers, at any rate as gentlemen. Yet midshipmen were good enough to command the picket-boats which put the soldiers ashore at Anzac and Helles beaches, and acting sub-lieutenants are commanding torpedo-boats and enjoying themselves strafing submarines.

One almost suspects someone in Dr. Macnamara's Department of having developed an embryonic sense of humour. Young Gyles, of the "Broke," behaved like a paladin in action, and was rewarded by being transferred from the Royal Naval Reserve to the King's Navy. A left-handed kind of reward, surely, if, as a consequence, someone on his behalf had to find £50 a year for a couple of years, and £20 for a year after that, to secure him the privilege of wearing white cloth tabs on his collar! It is true that, if he chose to sue *in forma pauperis*, the payment might be remitted. That was good enough for the ordinary boy. But to treat a popular hero so! No, it could not be done! *Paterfamilias* would write to the Press! So the compulsory allowance is suspended for the duration of the war. It will never be demanded again. No one will be quite mean or cynical enough to suggest that £50 a year was the price

offered to parents for their sons' lives, not their services.

Many things are accepted in the Navy, as elsewhere, as time-honoured which are neither old nor venerable. If the compulsory allowance had been in force during the old wars, if the parents of youngsters seeking service in the Navy had been compelled to find £70 a year for their sons' naval education, there would have been no Anson, no Hoods, and no Nelson in the Navy. The old system of entry by Post Captain's nomination was, no doubt, open to abuses, and was abused—did not the late Admiral Sir Provo Wallis "serve" on board the "Oiseau" as A.B. at four years of age, in the days when "there were bishops in bibs and colonels in short frocks"? But it was left to a later and more material generation to discover that fitness to hold the Sovereign's commission could best be measured by the ability of the parent to pay £70, £50 and £20 a year for the training and subsequent maintenance of his son in the Sovereign's service. The amalgamation of the military and engineering branches of the Fleet by Lord Fisher was attacked on many grounds. One of these, at any rate, had substance in it—namely, that large numbers of youths whose parents could afford the trifling expense of the engineering course at Keyham were excluded from the Navy by the far higher charges demanded of them at Osborne and Dartmouth, and the compulsory allowance exacted during their service as midshipmen and before the period of specialisation.

The time has now come when the whole subject, and not the question of the allowance alone, should be reviewed. The education at the two naval colleges is excellent, but it is, of necessity, specialised, particularly at Dartmouth. The expense is but one-half of that incurred by the parent who sends his son to Winchester as a commoner, or to Eton as an Oppidan; but it is about double the charge made to scholars at either school. The boys who are selected to serve His Majesty in the First Line should at least be regarded as scholars and as favourably treated. The boy of thirteen who chooses the Navy for a profession is taken straight into another world from that in which his brother who is destined for the professions or for commerce will live, move, and have his being; a world which offers little in the way of material reward, and much in the way of risk and of isolation from all the gentler ties of life. He is liable, at any time, for failure of health or eyesight, or some such cause, to be retired from the Service, and, in that event, the education which he has received, and for which his parents have paid, is of comparatively little service to him. It is a fact, little known, but too significant to be missed, that private schoolmasters hold their most promising boys to be "too good for the Navy," and, in some cases, do their best to hold them back from adopting it as a career.

This attitude of regarding powers of mind and body as marketable commodities, and the Navy as a competitor in the market, is bad for the Service and bad for the State. It has always been our plan to catch our sea officers young, and to consecrate them to the Service from that time forth. The system has, by common consent, served us well. It has produced in the Navy that kind of comradeship—comradeship, indeed, of a wider kind—that the regimental system produces in the Army. But the only logical outcome is that the State should regard the cadet from the moment he enters Osborne as at its sole charges for all things essential to the training it demands. The Navy can have its pick of the nation, provided it does not set up an artificial barrier. The son of wealthy parents will not be barred from the sea if he have a real aptitude for sea-life because the State takes over the cost of his training and maintenance; the son of the poor man who shows a like aptitude will find a previously insuperable barrier removed. And the cost to the nation would be a flea-bite—under

£100,000 a year at the outside. If precedent is required, it can be found in the United States Naval College at Annapolis, where the entire cost is borne by the State.

We are prepared for the objection that the proposal is for the endowment of the "upper classes." The "upper classes" and the wealthy classes are not, or ought not to be, interchangeable terms. The State is concerned neither with the pedigree nor the pocket of those it chooses for its service. It is concerned only to select those who, by character and ability, are fitted to command. Discrimination at the age of thirteen and a-half is difficult enough, we allow. But rigorous sifting at a later stage becomes easier, not more difficult, if the parent has not been put to expense and, perhaps, called upon for sacrifice. In the nature of things the sons of what, for want of a better term, we will call the present officer class must always have an initial advantage. But it has never been the way of the Navy to draw for officers only on a single class, and certainly not to limit its selection to the possessors of incomes running to four figures, or thereabouts. There are men serving to-day as officers in "the fringes of the Fleet" who went straight from an office stool to the long winter vigil on the border of the Arctic Circle, men who have proved themselves of the right stuff for naval officers, who desired to be naval officers, and whom the Navy missed, some on account of the wealth test, and some on account of the fetish of competitive examination for children, now happily abolished. In this, as in other ways, the war should teach us wisdom.

The necessity for this reform has been long seen by the most alert minds in the Navy itself. The Admiralty fumbled it before the war, being afraid to go beyond the snobbish principle of giving relief in case of necessity, saying, in effect, "If you can pay you must; but if you can't you needn't." Of all ways of applying the wealth test this is the worst, for it stands on no clear ground of principle, and practically permits the purchase of immunity from the consequences of inefficiency. The question we have touched is only a part of a wider one—namely, the right of the men who serve the King in either Service to live on that Service. The whole question must come up for settlement after the war. But, for the moment, we are content to deal with the matter of the midshipmen, which has been raised by the recent concession of the Admiralty.

EYEWASH.

WHO first invented the term, and when, we do not know. From its expressiveness one fears an American origin, but hopes that after all the British Army (which at least knows a good neologism when it sees one) can claim its parentage. It was the Army that gave us "strafe" and "blighty" and "napoo" and "wind-up" and "skrimshanker" and "swinging the lead," and many another indispensable word or phrase, and so we may not be far wrong in giving the Army credit for "eyewash." But whether the word is or is not of military origin, it is fairly safe to aver that the thing it connotes has its root in the Army. It might perhaps be explained—*obscura per obscuriora*—as a *camouflage* intended to conceal inward defects by outer display. But accurate definition is not possible, since "eyewash" assumes so many and so diverse shapes that only by experience can one appreciate the true inwardness of the term, and thereby realise its danger.

For it is true that in its extremer forms it is a serious public danger. Like many evils it is the result of a good thing gone wrong—*corruptio optimi pessima*. Nowhere—save perhaps on the revue stage—is external show of such real importance as in the Army. The outward bearing of a soldier is a very fair indication of his efficiency, and though his buttons and the mea-

sured spirality of his puttees do not in themselves give him accuracy with bomb or bayonet or bullet, it is true that smartness of appearance is the outward mark of smart soldiering. There are civilians, even to-day, who scoff at the regulations which pay so meticulous a regard to the *minuscula* of dress and deportment. No one who saw the Guards Division—many of the battalions under fire for the first time—march into Loos on the afternoon of 25 September 1915 could ever again gibe at the gospel of the button-stick. Their outward appearance was no mere empty display, devised to conceal inherent inefficiency.

The significance of "eyewash" in its crudest form was revealed to us in the early days of the war. A certain very famous General was to inspect a battalion of cyclists. Before his arrival the commanding officer went down the ranks and ordered all the men who wore spectacles or pince-nez to remove them. "I don't want the General to imagine that the battalion is made up of blind men," he explained. A laudable sentiment, perhaps, but it was his business to let the General know all that was to be known about the battalion. A few weeks later that same General inspected the same battalion. There was a little party of men, some fifteen to twenty, whose bicycles were undergoing repairs at the time, and who therefore paraded on foot. "Why are these men dismounted?" asked the General. The reply came trippingly from the Colonel's tongue: "They are a new draft, sir. They arrived only this week and have not yet been issued with bicycles." It was a fib, and a fairly obvious fib, for one at least of the men was a lance-corporal with a conspicuous stripe on his sleeve. But the General accepted the explanation readily enough. It seems to be one of the rules of the "eyewash" game that a senior officer believes all that he is told. This General was a postmaster in the game; so expert, in fact, that not very many months later he was relieved of an important command owing to a disastrous failure. It was pleaded for him that he was "let down" by his subordinates. That may be true, but a commander who encourages his juniors to "eyewash" him will always be "let down," just as Sir Beauchamp Duff was "let down" at a later date.

Outward appearance counts for much, very much in the Army, but it is not everything. When a commander accepts the appearance for the reality without question there you will have inefficiency. Yet there are commanders galore with whom it is a system that trouble must be kept from the ears and eyes of superior officers. Such a system is imposed by them on the newest joined subaltern. It will start, for instance, with the daily report of the orderly officer. The conscientious subaltern is at pains to incorporate in his report an account of anything untoward that has occurred during his term of duty, together with suggestions and criticisms. But the commanding officer of the type we refer to does not welcome such criticism; he does not encourage it, often he does not even read it. He prefers a formal report that all is correct. A subaltern we know, in a spirit of devilry, inspired by resentment that no attention was ever paid to any remark made by the orderly officers of his regiment, one day delivered himself of the most offensive and scurrilous comments in his report. They were of such a nature that he must have been put under arrest if they came to the eyes of authority. But there was no sequel; his report was never read. The keenness of officers in such battalions soon loses its edge, and through no fault of their own.

There is a Colonel in England to-day who, when his battalion goes for a route march, accompanies them mounted. That is quite right and proper; company commanders and senior officers are entitled to a mount. But this Colonel always sends a cyclist orderly ahead of the battalion to scout for the Brigadier or an officer of the Staff, on whose approach being reported to him, the Colonel dismounts and gives his horse to a man to lead. The gallant fellow

acquires merit thus in the General's eyes, and is complimented on sharing the burdens of his men. This manifestation of "eyewash" is not good for the moral of the battalion, and that commanding officer is by no means popular with his men.

It is different in France. Instances of eyewash (it is time to dispense with the inverted commas) are not easy to find there. Possibly that is because the inefficient commanders were drastically weeded-out at an early stage. They were mostly consigned to "cooisher" positions with training battalions at home. But the practice is not confined to our Home Forces. Nor is it confined to the Army. The Report of the Mesopotamia Commission reveals eyewash in its extremest and most shameless manifestations. Junior officers were not only expected to report that everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds, but, as in the well-nigh incredible case of Colonel Carter, they were bullied, threatened, and boycotted because they did not conform to the rules of the game. And General Cowper, after himself conforming to the rules, found himself denounced as "petulant and querulous," and in danger of losing his employment, when he subsequently failed to furnish his C.-in-C. with the comforting reports that were desired. In the most emphatic and unmistakable terms the policy of eyewash was insisted upon from the very highest quarters.

It is far too much to expect that the Mesopotamia Blue Book has freed the Army and the Government Departments of the eyewash virus. As well expect Russia's non-stop revolution to have cleared "graft" out of Russia or infused a sudden political sense into the unlettered moujik. Wherever you have an unprogressive bureaucracy there you will have the rosy-spectacled policy that avoids trouble from higher authority and conceals Departmental shortcomings. The Army is a vastly ramified organisation of interdependent bureaucracies; the Government Departments, with their irremovable stagnant officials, are little self-sufficing bureaucracies. The virus infects both.

When Mr. Asquith was assured by his complaisant officials, in the spring of 1915, that the output of munitions was satisfactory and adequate to our needs, he was supplied with pernicious eyewash. He was given the sort of information that would be most acceptable, because for the officials that was the line of least resistance. To abolish such a practice a constant draught of vigilant and competent criticism is required. Such criticism, under present conditions, is only forthcoming by haphazard. It is either provided by watchful "outsiders," who cannot, in the nature of things, be equipped with all the facts; or else it is on rare occasions supplied by an exceptionally active and fearless Minister, who finds his efforts at reform encumbered by the mollusc-like opposition of his reactionary bureaucrats. But there is no permanent check to the development of that Departmental beri-beri, which seems invariably to infect the Government official, breeding tendencies to Red-tapery, eyewash, and lethargy. The breeziest and most energetic of Ministers has not enough hours in his day to attend at the same time to his administrative duties and to the herculean task of internal reform. He finds a machine in working order, which he can hardly be expected to take to pieces and reconstruct. At best, he must be satisfied with making adjustments gradually, as Mr. Lloyd George did at the War Office. But business had to go on as usual during alterations, and only a few alterations could be made.

The process of external criticism is beset with even greater difficulties. When, in the Press or in Parliament, strictures are passed on the work of a Government Department, the official attitude is always the same. A spokesman is deputed by the Government to deny that there is any occasion for such criticism, and the critic is as good as told that he does not know what he is talking about. Behind the

Parliamentary spokesman are the serried ranks of permanent officials, bristling with plausible refutations and ready to shed the last drop of Departmental ink in defence of their indefeasible right to resent outside interference. An interval elapses, and it is then brought to light that mistakes had been made, but that these were inevitable and had now been rectified. The jug has been riveted or replaced but the milk has already leaked away. Instance the Birrell policy in Ireland in face of the direct warnings given by Lord Midleton. Here again it was the rooted officials who supplied acceptable eyewash to the Chief Secretary, who was able to reassure a Cabinet hungry for comfortable words.

Whether in the Army or in the Civil Service the principle of eyewash remains the same. "Don't worry your superiors with the skeleton in your cupboard. Life will be smoother for every one if the cupboard is kept closed, with a pretty curtain in front of it. Besides, with luck, the skeleton will never be brought to light in your time."

The type of official we require in positions of responsibility is the man who will see for himself, and not allow his subordinates to fob him off with specious display. Such a man would not be popular, perhaps, but he would be efficient. Is he the type of man we have to-day in responsible posts? In the Expeditionary Force, yes; for three years of hard campaigning have weeded out the showy incapables. But in the Civil Service the permanent unimaginativeness of the permanently imbedded Civil servant still, probably, holds sway. And here, above all, we shall in the near future need the application of the broom—or, rather, the vacuum cleaner—which has, in the Army, replaced antiquated and ineffective professors of eyewash by men who do things and can get things done. Before we embark on reconstruction let us, in Heaven's name, reconstruct our reconstructors.

SAD DOGS.

"Some months ago the Kaiser demanded a levy of dogs for war uses: only one was sent voluntarily."

THE All-Highest entreated a levy of dogs,
But his lieges responded with one of them.
Only one did these dog-in-the-manger-ish hogs
Offer up—only one, every Hun of them.

Yet be calm. There's cause why the dogs are incogs.
And scarce like the ponies and glossy "gees"—
As your country, All-Lowest, is going to the dogs,
The poor dogs have to go to the sausages.

Z.

REVOLT.

QUOT homines tot sententiae sunt—
Look how the crowd prevail:
Where Tzardom showed at least a front,
Democracy turns tail!

MORRIS BENT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CLASSICAL QUOTATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the charming and witty article entitled "Away with him, he speaks Latin!" you rightly answer the cheap sneers of modern educationists at the so-called dead languages—which can never die—by pointing out the compression of the Greek and Latin writers. Thucydides and Euripides, Tacitus, Vergil and Horace are strong meat packed close. They get more into a couplet or a phrase than modern writers into a page; or rather the phrases and couplets of the ancients beaten out thin do "coldly furnish forth the tables" of the moderns. Take the saying of Thucydides, "τὸ γὰρ φιλότατον ἀγήρων μόνον," "the ruling passion strong in death," "that last infirmity of

noble mind," how many couplets of Pope and Shakespeare have been hung on that phrase! Or take the lines in Euripides :

" εἰπερ γὰρ ἀδικεῖν χρὴ, τυραννίδος πέρι
κάλλιστον ἀδικῶν, τἄλλα δὲ εὐτεβέν χρεῶν,"

rudely rendered, " 'Tis as well to be hung for a sheep as a lamb." What a philosophical treatise is there contained! Tacitus is so condensed that, like Henry James, he has sometimes to be read twice, but, unlike Henry James, he is always worth it. "*Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset,*" what a description of one of the world's impostors, of the man pushed into a high place which uncovers his incompetence! There is also in Latin verse a power of pathos not reached by the poets of any other language :

" Inveni portum; spes et fortuna valeat!
Sat me lusistis; ludite nunc alios."

Can anything beat that, though Pope's "The world forgetting, by the world forgot" comes near it? Or is there a more perfect description of patriotism than Ovid's

" Nescio quā natale solum dulcedine captos
Ducit et immemores non sinit esse sui?"

A really happy quotation is worth a Jew's eye to the initiated. One of the best, because it must have been prompted by the moment, is told of Lord Carteret when holding his first levée as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Quite unexpectedly Dean Swift appeared to pay his respects to the Viceroy, whom he scolded (with the freedom of friendship) for having issued a writ against the author of the "Drapier's Letters." Carteret listened to the Dean's outburst, and then said,

" Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt."

But if an apt quotation is the best of all things a pointless or stale quotation is the worst. It has been reserved for Mr. Bonar Law to hunt out the truisms in Burke and present them to the public as recondite truths. Disraeli said of Peel's quotations that "they were the better appreciated because they had already received the meed of public approbation," a cutting sarcasm. The secret of Mr. Asquith's compressed style—and there is no other orator who says so much in so small a compass—is that it has been fed from boyhood on the authors quoted above. Mr. Asquith, by the way, broke the rule forbidding the quotation of French the other day, and was called upon by a Labour Member to "translate." The reason against quoting French is obvious; nine Englishmen out of ten speak it with a ludicrous accent.

Yours obediently,
BALLIOL ALUMNUS.

FRENCH-CANADIANS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

79, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2.

4 August 1917.

SIR,—I would be grateful to you if you would allow me to reply to "A. G. B.," whose letter appears in your issue of 28 July.

"Prussianising" French-Canadians means that 250,000 French-Canadians in Ontario are subjected, by force, to a policy of denationalisation, which has been devised for the purpose of turning our children into Anglo-Saxons. "A. G. B." is strangely unfamiliar with the subject on which he writes if he does not know that.

French-Canadians have a passion for French culture, which makes them resist the policy of the Ontario and Manitoba Francophobes. They would have crossed the seas in far larger numbers had not their own culture been threatened as savagely in Ontario and Manitoba as it is by Prussia on the battlefields of Europe.

"A. G. B." questions the historical fact that French-Canadians saved Canada for England, because a few hundred peasants joined the American rebels. But he ignores carefully the rejection by French-Canadians of all the offers and guarantees tendered to them by Franklin and Carroll.

He ignores equally the appeals of d'Estaing, Rochambeau, and Lafayette, which were turned down by our ancestors. But he states a fact which is worth noting: the New England States blamed England for having guaranteed the French-Canadians their religious and civil rights. Because of that our ancestors rejected all the inducements offered by the American delegates, and stood loyally by Great Britain, and they saved Canada for England.

Will "A. G. B." claim that French-Canadian rights can be justly denied to-day because the alternative to their choice was the negation of those rights? Would not this kind of argument be one which would appeal to the Prussian mind rather than to the British mind—when the latter is not poisoned by Francophobia as it is in Ontario and Manitoba?

The British-Canadian leaders of public opinion in Ontario and Manitoba are writing a very dark page in the history of Canada by copying the methods and political immorality of the Prussians in their dealings with French-Canadians whose rights have been guaranteed by the Kings and Parliament of Great Britain, and embodied in several Constitutional Acts of Canada. "A. G. B." can take this to heart: that no amount of abuse, or coercion, or threats will make us forego our rights, and that come what may we shall obtain that our children shall learn their mother tongue, and receive their education in their own language wherever they are numerous enough in Canada to support a school. If we have to support two schools, as we do in Manitoba at the present time, the one, which our children do not attend, and the other, where they receive the French intellectual formation which is their birthright, it will merely be a blot on the fair name of British-Canadians. We will defend French culture in Canada against the Prussians of Ontario and Manitoba cost what it may—even if it leads to civil war. We will never submit to the policy of denationalisation of our children adopted by Ontario and Manitoba.

Yours truly,

ALEX. CLÉMENT.

PART-TIMERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—A modern satirist has told us that "the world is better carried on upon the barrister principle of special pleading upon two sides before an impartial, ignorant tribunal, to whom things have got to be explained, than it would be if nobody were to maintain any opinion in which he did not personally believe." Relying on these principles, the ordinary man has tolerated the debates of politicians, and even supposed them to be useful. He has not cared to intervene in a sphere rich in chicanery and shibboleths. But in this fourth year of the German devil protest is necessary: we know what Government can do—and leave undone. A constitutional claim to respect, extensive authority, and (in the House of Lords) a partial expectation of hereditary virtues, do not prevent the plain man from being astonished at the follies of our legislators. I do not speak of prescience—that by now we do not expect—but of what the Englishman calls common sense.

National Service is a gross and admitted failure. Would any sensible man feel justified in causing a further dislocation of the business of the country (which, after all, must be carried on) by giving up all the work he has learnt to do for the sake of a chance of doing something else some way off his home? The country has answered that question. But there are a large amount of expert people who have offered part of their time and have been metaphorically spat at by the authorities. "Oh, we can't arrange for that sort of work" was a possible retort in the early days of 1914. It is absurd now in this fourth year of war when innumerable war institutions are loaded with officials. People too old to fight and fit only for sedentary work are often at the height of their mental vigour. They could do excellent work for the country; they are irritated at having no chance to do it. Are railway managers—as your columns aptly ask—the only people worth securing? The insolence and incompetence of some of the military

caste have now been officially revealed. The public knew it before, and they know about the foolish rejection of part-timers offering excellent brains which could be fitted by a real organiser with suitable work. The Prime Minister, who has a certain pliancy of mind, could induce some of his stereotyped colleagues and assistants to see to this. No lavish display of posters is needed, for the possible part-timers want to work. And they may be trusted to explain the work they can do best. Hints of this kind may prevent the official intelligence from putting linguists to guard bridges and skilled engineers to fill up forms.

Yours faithfully,

CANTAB.

THE MESOPOTAMIA REPORT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Society for Upholding Political Honour,
56, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

SIR,—It is difficult to determine which has produced the more depressing effect—the Mesopotamia Report itself or the debate in the House of Commons. A British force sustains a serious reverse, and the troops endure the most appalling sufferings—a Commission consisting of the best men available for the duty is appointed by Government to inquire and report. The Commissioners are forthwith fiercely attacked in Parliament for presenting what appears to the public to be an unbiased Report, and it is argued that if the evidence could be published it would be seen that the censure passed on this one or the other is not justified by the facts, and the impression is produced that, with the exception of some subordinate officers, no one was to blame for one of the greatest tragedies of the war. The Government finds itself unable to take any action on the Report, and proposes to set up further tribunals, and at the end of the debate the Prime Minister says in effect, “Bother this old Commission, let's get on with the war.” This was Mr. Churchill's argument for abolishing the age-long courts-martial, which were said to interfere with the conduct of the war by diverting the attention of senior officers from their current duties, forgetful of their supreme value in fixing responsibility and affording to officers the highly prized means of clearing their honour.

The captain of the Indian Ship of State (who was meantime promoted in rank) explains that the fault lay with certain of his officers, and is forthwith given another command where he is said to be “indispensable”—oh, vile word, what offences are committed in thy name! The late Government proclaimed itself “indispensable”—thousands of young men who rushed into munition works and Government offices to evade military service and hundreds of young officers who haunt our restaurants and theatres and have never seen active service are “indispensable” at home. We commend to our rulers Kipling's sapient lines, “Trust me to-day's indispensables, a thousand men can fill your place or mine,” which is but the echo of the epic of Chevy Chase, when the monarch proudly replies to one who bewails the death of a doughty warrior, “I trust I have within my realms a thousand good as he.”

But let us be thankful for small mercies; one bright gleam lights up the sombre canvas; one statesman at least finds that it does not consort with his honour to hold place and power when he has been censured, though lightly enough by a committee appointed by his colleagues and himself. The nation truly is the poorer by the loss of the services of a capable and honourable statesman, but richer by his example, and to him the Society for Upholding Political Honour respectfully presents this appreciation.

Yours faithfully,

F. D. FOWLER,
Hon. Secretary.

THE CHURCH AND THE PSALTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Brighton.

SIR,—You have surely done Christianity and the Church of England good service by your arresting Editorial

comment on the extraordinary and very grave decision of the Convocation of Canterbury at its recent sittings relative to the proposed revised use of the Psalter in divine service. The joint action of both Houses in this matter can only be rightly regarded, as it must seem to the Church at large, as nothing less than a bold frontal attack on the holy Psalter, and thus a triumph—only for the immediate time being, it is most devoutly to be hoped—of Bible scepticism in this one of the two sacred synods of the Church in England. Because certain so-called “imprecatory” passages in the Psalter, including the whole of Psalm 58, are thought by the Modernist members of this Convocation to be inconsistent with the spirit of the Christian religion—an absurd idea on the face of it—and to justify “reprisals” in the war, this is “an opportune time” (in the Archbishop's phrase) for the Church to practically cast them aside. But is it not altogether too late, as well as supremely foolish and wrong, to deal with the Psalter in this way, when every part thereof has been used by the whole Catholic Church in divine service from the very beginning of Christian history? In the expressive words of John Donne, the famous poet Dean of St. Paul's, “the Psalms are the manna of the Church.” The issue is a perfectly simple one. To disuse the “imprecatory” parts of the Psalter in church is to disparage the Book of Psalms as a whole, and this really means the disparagement of the whole Bible. The action of Canterbury Convocation not only involves contempt of Holy Scripture, but also contempt of the most sacred and infallible *imprimatur* given to the Psalter by our Lord Jesus Christ Himself. The proposed mutilation of the Psalms, which throughout reflect the mind of Christ and are inspired in every part by the Holy Spirit, is, indeed, an impious following of a most notorious precedent, that of the expurgated “Psalter” of Marcion, the great Gnostic heretic.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

J. G. HALL.

“A FINE CATALOGUE.”

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—One constantly hears people say, when they are talking of painting or music, “Oh, I don't know anything about art, but *I know what I like*”; but there are certain timid souls to whom this “knowing what they like” is not sufficient guarantee that they are therefore liking or admiring what is best, and they long for some authoritative guidance. “Are we right?” they ask themselves when they go to some gallery where cubists and post-impressionists hold their nightmare revels, “in thinking this the very abomination of desolation, or are we too prosaic and wanting in spiritual insight to see the hidden beauties that lie in splashes of crude and, so to speak, undigested pigment, or in noses and eyes wandering at large in a chaos of unmeaning lines and ‘angles.’”

At such a moment, Sir, they perhaps have the good fortune to open the pages of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and to find in it some such illuminating matter as that contained in a review under the heading, “A Fine Catalogue,” which, by its nervous, vivid description of Japanese art and artists, helps at once to lift them into a rarer atmosphere and to dispel their morbid self-criticisms, and, at the same time, justifies them in their demand for those old-time artistic virtues of “capturing charm,” “romantic quality,” and a “sense of beauty.”

Unable, as so many people are through lack of aesthetic training, to be attuned, as it were, to the ultra-rays of the highest in art; yet they are sustained and cheered by the assurance that they are not to be blamed for demanding some outward and visible sign of Art's inward and spiritual grace, and that in these “topsy-turvy” times they are justified in admiring “fine draughtsmanship and subtlety of tone,” especially when these are presented with a poet's delicate perception, and the generous wish to make less gifted souls a sharer in such joys.

Yours faithfully,

BEATRICE M. BELLIN.

REVIEWS.

SOME PLATITUDES OF A POET.

"The Statesmanship of Wordsworth: An Essay by A. V. Dicey, K.C." Oxford: Clarendon Press. 4s. 6d. net.

WE confess that we rubbed our eyes at the title of this essay. In Wordsworth's own lines we

"... might have sent
Along the speechless clouds a look
Of blank astonishment."

The fact is that Mr. Dicey, like many other clever publicists, has been carried away by a feeling of discovery, by the notion of an unknown land. This land is like the floating island found by Gulliver: it is there, but it is in the air. Because Wordsworth, who happened to be wayfaring in France during 1792, hailed the Jacobin dawn in lines infinitely finer than most of the late effusions in which he half recanted them; because, and through Burke's influence, he came to see, as many had foreseen, that licence is not liberty, and that freedom can only exist with order; because—and we grant with a nearer approach to statesmanship—he treasured the principle of "nationality"—which seems to have relapsed now into the rights of races—we are to hail him as a pioneer.

To stretch a theory to such lengths as these might lead some enthusiast less instructed than Mr. Dicey to call him a pre-Eugenic on account of his "Poems with Reference to Old Age," or a master-churchman in face of those dreary "Ecclesiastical Sonnets." Wordsworth's best was inspiration of the highest order, but no poet who has given us so much of himself—and he was most self-centred—has left us so much that is uninspired. His intellect on its daily round was ever moralising, but his moralisations are too seldom intuitions. He lacked passion and was unable either to understand or analyse it, with the result that outside England his appeal is small. He plumed himself on a devotion to political thought; but in this regard he could be dull, as Shakespeare has it, "out of all whooping." From time to time he travelled abroad, sometimes on foot, a cloistered puritan, and wherever he roamed he reflected. Concerning the crises and phases of the hour, however, these blank verse reflections are too often a sort of metrical "Parents' Assistant." They deal in prosaic platitude, and Mr. Dicey does not seem sufficiently to distinguish between these and the few magnificent poems which adorn the close. It was only when the hard logic of events had driven home the futility of "the friends of mankind" that Wordsworth necessarily, if partially, revised his judgments. Nor can we argue that his eye-witness of thrilling movements abroad makes him a sort of human document for the French Revolution or its sequels. He is seldom vivid, hardly ever picturesque, and often trite to distraction.

Wordsworth naturally abhorred the Terror, though he wastes not a grain of pity on the doom of the royal pair. And yet Mr. Dicey, after observing that Wordsworth despaired that the causes of the Terror were "complicated" (as who did not?), writes as follows:—

"Wordsworth . . . applies the historical method of Burke more wisely than did his teacher; he remembered what Burke never properly understood, that the crimes of the Revolution had a close connection with the vices of the *ancien régime*, and saw what Burke (less excusably) overlooked, that every attack on the independence of France rallied Frenchmen round the Jacobins, who, with all their cruelties, were the defenders of the country." "Who deniges of it?" as Mrs. Gamp would exclaim. France is always the religion of France, but Burke did not hold that a foreign invasion provoked in aid of monarchy justified the crimes of Caliban. The French noblesse were patriots to the core, yet such of them as were

not democrats were proscribed and robbed and massacred—while public faith, too, was broken. France would have gone bankrupt, morally as well as materially, had not Napoleon arisen to set her house in order, and Napoleon had to rise on a propagandist war of "Democracy." If Lafayette had never visited America the fate of the French Revolution might have been otherwise.

It needed, in fact, no statesmanship of Wordsworth to perceive what had been pointed out by political thinkers, and he might well have borne in mind what Burke said of the Assembly: "Their liberty is not liberal." As for invasion, who does not know that the brutalities and confiscations of nascent mob-rule between 1789 and 1792 were themselves a rehearsal for Robespierre, that France herself declared war on Austria in the latter year three months before she was assailed, and that Burke penned his "Reflections" in 1790, and therefore could not have discussed the attack on France in them? Who does not know, further, that Burke's speeches and treatises *after* we had entered into the war upheld that war as necessary to withstand the contagion of doctrines which menaced Europe with decomposition?

That Wordsworth, together with all the Foxites, held England's pro-monarchy war against France indefensible, yet—with an earlier side-sympathy—justified the continuance of it against Napoleon, surely needs no exposition. In that attitude he was by no means alone. Fox and Sheridan, and all but the fanatics for Tom Payne, gave the lead and pointed the way. But already in 1793 Wordsworth had begun to see that absolute democracy spells despotism, and, as Mr. Dicey admits, "Burke freed Wordsworth . . . from revolutionary sophisms. . . ." Where, then, is the "statesmanship" of Wordsworth? Mr. Dicey points out that long afterwards Wordsworth praised Burke in rather wearisome blank verse, while he exalted Fox in those superb stanzas which include

"A power is passing from the earth
To breathless nature's dark abyss."

Mr. Dicey is entitled to dwell on the blend in Wordsworth of Burke's adoration of ordered liberty and Fox's enthusiasm for "liberty" at any price. Fox, however, joined the Pitt-Grenville Coalition Ministry, and Napoleon compelled England to stand united. Wordsworth's finer poems dwell on the nobler England that, purged of selfishness both at home and abroad, was to champion the liberties of Europe. But this was not peculiar to Wordsworth after Napoleon became supreme. Pitt also upheld the war as one for European freedom, nor is it by any means unusual to rename colossal conflicts in response to their developments. In his tract on the Convention of Cintra Wordsworth upheld national independence—a principle certainly opposed to the United States of Europe model. But he was also opposed to our new-fangled apotheosis of small states, which, pushed to the absurd, would reduce Britain to the Heptarchy. "The smaller states," he wrote, "must disappear and merge in the larger nations and widespread languages." Here, we cheerfully own, Wordsworth does show himself penetrating and a statesman. Very small states are certain causes of friction, and probable provocatives of war. And yet they are constantly being extolled as if they were the seven deadly virtues.

Mr. Dicey is a writer versed in his subject, and an idealist who is not an ideologue. All this is welcome. We do not wish to be captious, but two complaints we have tried to urge with respectful emphasis. The one is an unwarranted belittlement of Burke in comparison with Wordsworth. The other is that so much of Wordsworth's "statesmanship" seems chimerical and so little of it alive. Platitude is catching, and the grandest sentiments are not always original. May we add a third? Let us never divide the substance or confound the persons. Gladstone paid the greatest attention to poetry, but he was not a poet. Words-

worth paid the greatest attention to politics, but he was not a statesman. He mused on the bank while the stream flowed by. He did not influence events by a hair's breadth, or, at all appreciably, even opinion. And while "virtuous liberty" was ever the scope of his "pure song," it required the misuse of her fair name to steady his meditations and bring him to his senses.

ECONOMICS IN COBBETT'S DAY.

"*Economic Annals of the Nineteenth Century: 1821-30.*"
By William Smart, Professor of Political Economy
in the University of Glasgow, &c. Macmillan. 21s.

THIS is a good book, interesting in the widest sense, and of great value. It is written in lucid language and admirably produced. Principles upon which we have made up our minds, one way or the other, are set forth, in condensed form it is true, but in such explanatory detail as will exhibit them in various lights to the student of work-a-day economics. That is a great advantage. Speakers and writers upon industrial and financial and commercial economics are apt to take too much for granted that their audiences and readers know the premisses of their arguments or the reasons upon which our modern national politico-economic policy rests. The public, broadly speaking, does not know. And as to the period covered, 1821-30, Professor Smart's book will teach the average thoughtful citizen much. The view of the other side of the medal, to be obtained by reading F. List's "National System of Political Economy," will go far to complete the lesson. The publication of this book is opportune in that it affords information on many subjects to be dealt with in what is too vaguely called "after-the-war reconstruction." It shows us, besides, what the nation aimed at in the earlier stages towards Free Trade; where the policy was faulty, where and how we went wrong. We can compare the intentions of 1821-30 with the results disclosed by the present war and benefit by the knowledge thus acquired. The worthlessness of Cobbett's judgment, too, can be seen by comparing, for instance, his assertions that the factory system was a "great cause of pauperism" and that the man who invented the funding system "should have been burned alive" with the proved benefits these two systems have brought to the nation. And during this decade Cobbett's was "the most powerful voice in England."

Politico-economics will play a large part in after-the-war legislation, whether or not the country be able to heave its shoulders and unship the Civil-Service-directed control which will eventually crush the life out of British commerce by sheer weight of stupidity. The war absorbs us all now. But, fortunately, nothing dries so quickly as a tear. We may not be as callous or as quick to forget our troubles as was, for example, George IV. after the Napoleonic Wars. When Sir E. Nagle announced to him the death of Napoleon in these words: "I have the pleasure to tell your Majesty that your bitterest enemy is dead," George IV. replied: "No. Is she, by Gad!" Yet, as soon as possible after the declaration of peace, the country, eager to forget its griefs and pass from the horrors of these blood-stained years, will be binding up its wounds, thinking about fields, factories, finance, and transport, and will endeavour to pay its debts by means of increased production. The conditions here on the declaration of peace will be similar to those dealt with just after the Napoleonic Wars, the period covered by the book now before us.

Political economy is far from being the dismal science it is foolishly called—its offspring, trade politics, have been the cause of many a war. The siege of Troy was no more than an attempt to break down Priam's transit tariffs, and Crécy and Agincourt were fought round wool and cloth. The differences in economic conditions between North and South, which came to a head in the Slave question, brought about

the Civil War in the United States. The Thirty Years' War was indirectly about trade. Political economy ("place in the sun," "peaceful penetration") and foreign politics went hand in hand in the German policy that led up to the present war. So often is this aspect of the "dismal" science forgotten that foreign policy and political economy were two of the subjects upon which Parliamentary candidates have of recent years seldom addressed their audiences. The reasons are twofold: audiences never cared a fig about such highly important subjects, except perhaps in Lancashire, and candidates scarcely ever knew enough, or possessed the ability to handle the subjects.

Burdened with war debt, heavy taxation, economic and industrial disturbances pregnant with revolution, our grandfathers faced their troubles and turned about for remedies, determined to repay honestly all they owed and to set their house in order by developing trade. In the examination of means by which once again to set our house in order the information provided by Professor Smart ought to be of great use to the political thinker, the publicist, the Chamber of Commerce man, and not least to schoolmasters, impatient of economics and other sciences, who, ostrich-like in face of facts, write rather silly books to bolster up the almost universally condemned type of ineffectual education provided by fashionable schools.

Parliament in 1821-30 was at work upon precisely the same measures as those engaging the attention of the country to-day. Corn production, agricultural wages, what lands to sow with wheat, merits of payment by coin or by paper currency, effects of inflation, gold reserves, £1 notes, the duties of the Bank of England as a private institution towards the nation, independence of Belgium, the decimal system, Ireland, beer, the navigation laws, dilution of labour by introduction of machinery, national loans, national debt, and the Sinking Fund. Economics in those days occupied the place in politics now held by auction bridge among the large body of Tory members (hush!) of the Reform Club. It was the popular game. The Sinking Fund! The storm that raged round Tariff Reform was but a summer shower compared with that of which the Sinking Fund was the nucleus of controversy. What speeches from Ricardo, Baring, and Grenfell! Lords Revelstoke and Desborough may with pride turn to their ancestors' opinions when they are called upon to review in their varied capacities Mr. Bonar Law's statement that he is providing a Sinking Fund to extinguish the Five Per Cent. War Loan in forty-three years. There is life in the old Sinking Fund argument yet. From the experience of the past twenty-five years many will accept Ricardo's view that in practice a Sinking Fund is ultimately a sham, and we shall find ourselves repaying debt with one finger and a week later borrowing with both hands. Since 1716, when Walpole introduced the Sinking Fund, through the days of Pitt, Ricardo, Hicks-Beach, and Asquith discussions on the Sinking Fund have till now never ceased. They enoble the character while helping to clarify the mind. They entice the national conscience into channels of honest finance by reminding the public that repayment of debt is the sheet anchor of national and private credit. To reduce taxation in those days without repudiating liabilities was the beacon light by which our ancestors steered. The heavy taxes discouraged the middle and even the upper classes and paralysed the efforts of the manufacturer and agriculturist to provide employment for labour. As always, heavy taxation on capitalists reacted by injuring the working people. Taxation, even after a life-and-death struggle such as we are now going through, can be so high that it defeats its own ends. Consequently, Mr. McKenna's recent airy forecast of an income-tax at 8s. in the pound should remind us of what happened in 1821. The British middle classes with fixed incomes were so impoverished that for some years after Waterloo many of the Continental cities, including even Paris, were crowded with British

subjects driven abroad in order to make both ends meet. On a proposal to tax these refugees from heavy British taxation Ricardo pointed out that, while it was a disaster that Britain should be deprived of the persons as well as of the incomes of these people, taxation of absentees would encourage removal of their capital. He advocated a general policy which would indeed render it possible for British subjects of fixed incomes to live in their native land, and thereby disburse their incomes at home and add to the supply of labour in their persons. Excessive income-tax in 1921 may repeat the mischief of 1821. In 1823 "down glasses" was unpopular, as it is now. An Act was passed, called "An Act to Encourage the Consumption of Beer"; a beer of "intermediate strength" was to be sold at 2½d. per pot, notwithstanding, no doubt, opposition of the weekly journal of the period. Restriction of output was represented by attacks on threshing machines, which were regarded as dilution of labour. Various references to Cromwell's Navigation Act of 1651 and later Navigation Acts will be of singular interest at this juncture. New British navigation laws constructed to meet modern conditions will be the pivot upon which the terms of the Paris Economic Conference of the Allies will rest. Huskisson's and Wallace's speeches on merchant shipping will well repay study in the chapter dealing with the year 1826, although the eventual repeal of the Navigation Acts did not occur till 1848. Our national safety is bound up with our navigation policy, the ocean routes are the frontiers of Britain, which is an island, although the Foreign Office recently forgot that fact. Enemy submarines and a partial blockade have gone far to prove the wisdom of Cromwell's Navigation Acts. Had not the national policy embodied in the spirit of the Acts been abandoned in 1848 it would have been difficult for Germany to have acquired the wealth with which to prepare for this war. She would have been prevented from creating the mercantile marine, the aggregate tonnage of which would, had the Acts been in force, probably have been British owned instead of German.

The leading British Chambers of Commerce are about to examine the constitution and functions of the Bank of England. It is hoped to mend the flaws in the Bank's working disclosed by the war, and to bring the Bank into line with the policy of increasing national production. As the root of the matter may be found in questions of gold reserves, note issue, and the relations of the Bank of England towards other British banks, the discussions on the duties of the Bank of England in 1824 and 1826 will throw light on the present investigations. Grenfell's speech in 1824 on the renewal of the Bank of England's charter will be found of use when his grandson, as President of the London Chamber of Commerce, takes part in the investigation of the Bank's charter during the coming weeks. Perhaps at last the Bank may be induced to publish a detailed audit of its accounts.

Every work that stimulates thought and discussion upon national economics nowadays is of service. We require information, our minds must be able to play freely round economics; vast economic changes will soon occur. Our supply of talent in public life on practical economics is small. The House of Commons has for years included few members at once first-class thinkers in economic science and practised experts in basic industries. Valets of trade are only too plentiful in Parliament. We confuse the valet with his master, the patent agent with the inventor, the director of finance companies with the producer of raw material, the stock jobber, civil servant, or professor with the manufacturer of goods for export.

Economics have laws that can no more be altered than the laws of gravity; those laws must be understood and observed. In discussions upon national economics great intellectual ability is needed to expound the intricacies of these laws; but actual personal experience must also be added to enable a speaker to explain the effects of their working in live

trade, and not from the point of view of platform politics ("your food will cost you more," "tax the foreigner," "the State must buy or make, sell and distribute everything"). Academic economists, faddists, lawyers ignorant of trade, political arrivistes, and those whose earnings are commissions on non-British productions may once again try to induce the nation to tamper with economic laws to the peril of national safety. While making Britain the clearing house of the world, such folk neglected to observe the law of national production upon which is built national safety. To such an extent had that policy been pursued that, said the President of the Board of Trade a month ago in the hearing of the writer, had there been no war to open our eyes, Germany would in a few years have destroyed British power of production! Economic laws cannot be broken; they break those nations who attempt to violate them. When the practised expert in commerce and industry is called in to assist in the "reconstruction" he will find argument and proof in the *Economic Annals* of 1821-30 with which to check repetition of the errors of the academic economist, the civil servant, the party politician, and the commission agent. He and others will, if they do not already know it, discover that a well-written book on national economics is the reverse of dismal. Once a person becomes interested, the craving for further study grows on him and cannot be put aside any more than morphia by a drug taker or a war baby by an adoptive parent. What is dismal is an exhibition of ignorance in national economics, such as that recently displayed in the House of Commons during the debate on the charter of the Trade Corporation.

THE CAMPAIGN IN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

"A Doctor's Diary in Damaraland." By Dr. H. F. B. Walker. Edward Arnold. 7s. 6d. net.

THE fighting in German East Africa still continues, though the issue cannot be in doubt. That in West Africa was finished some time since by General Botha and his troops, who took the Germans largely by surprise in forced marches across very difficult country. How great the difficulties were can be seen in Dr. Walker's animated diary. He is eminently observant and has a keen eye for military tactics as well as natural history and geology. He has provided a detailed map of one attack, but a larger one covering the range of country he went over would have been a useful addition to his book. It is informative without being boring and easily understood, apart from a few of the learned words with which doctors intimidate the ordinary public, such as "dyspnoic." Dr. Walker volunteered for service at the beginning of the war and started for Walvisch Bay in March, 1915. Previously he helped in a medical examination of burghers at the rate of something like a hundred an hour. What is the use of such a farce it is difficult to imagine, though it might, according to the local jest, lead to the elimination of a man with a wooden leg. Walvisch Bay, a harbour of great importance, is another monument, we gather, of British futility, a wretched, ill-provided hole which compares but ill with Swakumpund, twenty-two miles north on the coast. Here landing is not easy, but the town has been developed with German thoroughness, including railways down the middle of each street and side-walks of wood raised above the slippery sand. Germany has evidently lavished money here, but are her colonists satisfactory? Dr. Walker's views on this point are interesting. He thinks well of the German women:

"I am very much impressed by the German colonial woman. In spite of her somewhat flat feet, loose, rotund figure, and cold blue eye, she is a very fine animal, full-blooded, active, and self-reliant. In the absence of the men many farmers' wives and

daughters are managing estates, riding about among the natives, protected only by their own rifle or revolver, acting hostess and spy with a sang-froid which compels admiration. Her father, husband, brothers, and sons are fugitives or prisoners, her larder and purse almost empty; but pride and determination alone are written on her countenance."

The German male is much less efficient and formidable. As in Germany itself, he grows surprisingly flabby in middle life. Dr. Walker produces evidence that he drinks a good deal. He does not like to do his trekking off the roads and railways—enterprise which in this region may easily mean being short both of food and water. The Germans before they retreated ruined as many of the rare water-holes as possible and laid down mines. The doctor's party, some way behind the fighting forces, found advancing inland a terrible business. The burghers themselves, excellent horsemen, and familiar with the country, were tried to the utmost. They were worn out when they had managed to surprise the enemy at Otjimbingwe. "There was not a sane man amongst us" was the comment of an officer. The illusion of the mirage is apparently common in this region and must be particularly distressing when it offers to the jaded comforts that do not exist. Dr. Walker wonders how such creatures as leopards and jackals manage to obtain water, since the river beds are mostly dry and the fall of dew is very slight. The future of the country seems to depend on the growth of suitable herbage and the organising of a water supply. Sand and mica are the prevailing things in Dr. Walker's notes, though he was well off in Windhuk, a capital aptly chosen by the Germans, since, lying in a basin on the top of the watershed of the country, it contains a fine supply of water, hot and cold.

The German treatment of the natives was what might have been expected. Whenever possible they reduced them to abject slavery, but they came across a stiff proposition in the Bastards, who evidently have the same spirit as their prototype in Shakespeare. This mixed race has taken pains to reduce its percentage of African blood, and does not seem to be degenerating. It is likely that it has much more conscience than the German immigrant, who "is soldier to-day, Red Cross man to-morrow, civilian and spy combined the next, whichever serves his purpose best." It must have been galling to find such persons flourishing and demanding protection from a half-starved army. The book is well printed and has a few good illustrations, but it ought to have had an index as well.

A NEW ANTHOLOGY.

"Blessed are the Dead: An Anthology compiled by A. E. Manning Foster." Cope & Fenwick. 3s. net.

THIS selection of thoughts on death includes prose and verse, ancient and modern. It is not claimed that all the pieces included are literature; indeed "some of them are very open to criticism on the grounds of form and technique." Sincerity has been the compiler's main reason for choosing this or that, and he shows an admirably catholic taste, so that there should be something to please everybody in his 200 pages. He has secured, we observe, some good things from our own columns, and his range extends to the Russian Liturgy, China, Japan, and the Midrash Koheleth, while he does not scorn modern fighters like Lieutenant Mackintosh of the Seaforth Highlanders. We notice translations here and there, but no references in detail. We like these because they may lead a reader to further investigation. The passage ascribed to Socrates, for instance (p. 143, not noted in the Index), belongs to Plato's "Apology," one of the finest accounts of a great thinker in all literature. The "Apology" can be read in more than one good translation. Thucydides (p. 28) is recording the famous speech of Pericles, which he

himself may have heard. It is piquant to see on the same page two quotations from Marcus Aurelius and two from Samuel Butler, who hated the imperial Stoic. A scholar of our acquaintance thinks the best thing in Marcus Aurelius is a quotation from Epictetus, "Thou art a little soul bearing up a dead body," a saying which might have brought Swinburne into the book, since he translated it. Has the frigid rhetoric of Addison's "Cato" any appeal today? We cannot say, for tastes are always changing, and some strange people may prefer the prose of Sir Oliver Lodge and Grant Allen to real poetry.

Mr. Manning Foster's good taste is shown in his three selections from Whittier, a poet too little known in this country. Lowell's fine commemorative Ode (p. 11) shows an uncertain talent at its best. A curiously fascinating piece is the "Sea Ritual" of George Darley, that strange, shy mathematician whose style won him a place in "The Golden Treasury" among the Elizabethans. We are glad to see some noble and simple prose by Thackeray and several quotations from the Bible. But of the greatest of all imagery concerning death in the last chapter of Ecclesiastes Mr. Manning Foster gives us but one verse. Perhaps something has slipped out of p. 116, where Ecclesiastes should figure according to the index of authors.

ONCE A MONTH.

The "Cornhill" begins with "A Double Event," Mrs. Asquith's stories of the late General Booth and of choosing horses, which is conceived to be so much more important than anything else in the number that it deserves larger type in the list of contents. We prefer the stories by Mr. Boyd Cable and Miss Alice Brown. The former, in "Seeing Red," shows how an Australian, who could not bear the sight of blood, but was otherwise an excellent soldier, learnt under the impetus of German treachery to "see red." In Miss Brown's "Nemesis" that wise old lady is not out of date, but the end of the story is hopeful. "How I Dropped 'Marjorie' in Loch Seavaig" sounds in these days like frightfulness ruthlessly applied, but Sir Edward Thorpe's "Marjorie" was a pretty 15-ton cutter, out of which he was lucky to escape on to the land in a tumultuous sea. Mr. Bennet Copplestone begins "The Cruise of the 'Glasgow'." The story of the light cruiser is, as he says, worth telling, though the vessel was not able always to play an heroic part.

"Blackwood" has its usual excellent war articles, and in "Gheluveld, 1914," pays a deserved tribute to the man who at the critical moment in the first battle of Ypres put the Worcesters into effective action. In "An Airman's Outings," that excellent writer "Contact," gives an able summary of our aerial achievements in the war. Mr. J. Storer Clouston begins a story which promises well of "A Spy in Black," landed from a submarine on an English coast. "Ganpat's" love story, "The City of Dreams," deals with an old situation, but is well written. Mr. Robert Holmes in "Iza Greenway, Beloved," reveals the diary of a lover with a real gift of expression. "The Battle of the Lake" is a capital account of a little side-show, the defeat of the German forces on Tanganyika. "Musings without Method" are mainly occupied with Ireland.

QUARTERLIES.

The July number of the *Edinburgh Review* is rather over-weighted with politics and war problems. Mr. Gosse's account of "The Gallantry of France" is the only literary article, and has some neat characterisation of the remarkable young officers who, like Paul Lintier, have written on their experiences. Miss M. D. Petre, discussing "Machiavelli and Modern Statecraft," shows that the author of "Il Principe" had his good side and ideals which are still cherished. With the resources of the Garton Foundation behind him Mr. John Hilton enters into considerable detail concerning "The Foundations of Food Policy." His remarks on profiteers are somewhat surprising. As for the labour required to produce our food at home, it is much of it unnecessary, according to the Canadian point of view, for overseas there is far more enterprise and much more use of labour-saving devices. Dr. Rappoport writes with knowledge on "The Philosophic Basis of the Russian Revolution." Dealing with "Spain and the War," Luis A. Bolin says that she will keep out of the conflict with all her power. She has suffered so much from war in the nineteenth century that she has been bled white. The nation itself is opposed to intervention. "Mallam," who discusses "Germany and Africa," points out

that German rule makes life intolerable to African natives. These people have come over gladly to us. Are we to allow them once again to be hanged, robbed, and deprived of all that makes life worth living? In "National Federations and World Federations" Professor Alison Phillips examines the doubts and difficulties which lie behind the programmes of Leagues of Nations, and Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, in "The Problem of a Second Chamber," considers what changes are desirable in the House of Lords. He thinks it imperative that the House of Commons should be supplemented by "a revising body entrusted with effective and independent authority," and the Second Chamber should be independent without being irresponsible. "The House of Lords, because it is technically irresponsible, is conspicuously lacking in independence," and, varied as the interests of its members are, some of them are incompetent.

The Quarterly has two excellent literary articles. That on "Jane Austen" by Mr. Reginald Farrer, is the work of a keen student and judicious admirer. We read Mr. Farrer with pleasure even where we disagree with him. Evidently he has made no close scrutiny of Jane Austen's style, and he plays unnecessarily the game of depreciating other writers of a different calibre, but still of acknowledged greatness. We can tell Mr. Farrer that George Eliot is quoted, and we think she deserves to be. To say that "every turn and corner of life is illuminated or defined for us by some sentence of Jane Austen's" is too much, but we quite agree that a reperusal, say of "Emma," brings us new wisdom we had not observed before. Mr. John Bailey is just and discriminating, if not particularly brilliant, on "Swinburne." He calls attention to the actuality to-day of "Songs before Sunrise." He credits Swinburne with a wonderful instinct for the right word, but not for the right sentence. The poet's style at its best was strikingly elevated and dignified, but we should not count him "entirely impeccable" as an artist in words. He liked them too much for their sound alone. Mr. A. E. Tredgold on "The Problem of Degeneracy," goes successfully into technical science without being obscure. Many readers will be glad that he does not bow the knee to Weismann, and thinks it impossible to deny that the germ-cells may be adversely affected by the environment. "The Sound of a Great Explosion" is a curiously interesting study of the varying degrees of intensity in the reports heard when in January a great munitions factory was blown up. The explosion was heard, of course, in a circle near round, then skipped a zone of silence, and was heard again up north. Taking Professor Baldwin Brown's four volumes on "The Arts in Early England" as his text, Sir Martin Conway writes strikingly on a subject as yet by no means fully investigated. Saxon architecture is, of course, familiar, and the Ruthwell and Bewcastle crosses have been discussed *ad nauseam*. The ancient brooches are of high interest and less known. The best of them seem to indicate the work of one man or one school. We are glad to see a tribute to Professor Brown's fine work. Mr. C. Fayle, in "Thoughts on the Present Discontents," considers the legislation which has led to so much trouble among munition workers.

THE CITY.

"The labour of the foolish wearieh every one of them, because he knoweth not how to go to the city." —Ecclesiastes.

THE rise in brewery stocks must have recalled to many investors the time when these securities ranked among the prime of "industrials," when they were to be recommended to the "widow and orphan" as a perfectly safe medium of investment, and when clerical garb might frequently be espied at shareholders' meetings. No doubt the widow and orphan, the retired officer and the clergyman (or their heirs and assignees) still hold the same securities; but in the meantime many of the stocks have lost their gilt edge. Taxation, confiscation, reduced consumption and—sometimes—bad management and watered capital have combined to reduce some companies from the prince to the pauper stage. Only the best managed and most favourably conditioned have been able to make any show of maintaining their dividends, and even in the case of Guinness, for example, the ordinary stock which stood as high as 480 in 1910 has since been as low as 210.

It is not so much to the highest class securities, however, that the present attention is directed. The recent strength of brewery issues has affected more particularly those which had fallen to a very low ebb, prominent

among them being the junior securities of Watney, Combe, Reid and Co. There are two reasons for this revival of popularity—if such a bold term may be used at a time when a little demand for shares causes an inordinate advance in prices. One reason of minor importance which has escaped general notice, but has no doubt been duly observed in the trade, was the decision of Mr. Justice Younger in the case of the Cannon Brewery *v.* the Liquor Control Board. The point at issue was whether compensation for licensed premises taken over shall be granted as a matter of right under the Land Clauses Consolidation Act or as a matter of grace by the Royal Commission dealing with claims in respect to losses caused by the operation of powers granted by the Defence of the Realm Act. The decision, if it be not reversed on appeal, is considered to have important effect as regards companies owning hotels and other premises which have been commandeered by Government departments. The adjustment of compensation by grace of the Royal Commission might be arbitrarily unsatisfactory for the companies concerned, but if the claims be settled on the basis of damage or loss ascertained in the courts the companies will probably have less cause for complaint. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of officials.

The more potent factor in the stock markets has been the dividends and reports of several companies, notably the Watney-Combe, which is paying 8 per cent. on its deferred ordinary stock, this being the first dividend for ten years and the highest ever paid. Less spectacular, but also indicating the trend of events is the Whitbread result—a dividend of 7 per cent. comparing with 2 per cent. A partial explanation of the improved position may be found in the Guinness report. Decreased consumption, increased cost of materials and other difficulties reduced the brewing profit for the last year from £5,470,200 to £4,917,600; but owing to a reduction of £952,500 in excise and licence duties the net profit rose from £1,510,800 to £1,906,100, the company thus being able very comfortably to maintain its rate of 16 per cent. on the ordinary stock. In the case of Watney-Combe, the trading profit for the year to June last was £516,600, an increase of £130,600, and the improvement is attributed to the purchase in 1915-16 at a "comparatively low figure" of a large stock of barley, and to the larger sums obtained for certain by-products such as dried grains owing to the improved methods of putting them on the market as feeding materials.

It will be well if the resumption of dividends by the Watney-Combe Company at the utterly unexpected rate of 8 per cent. after such a long abstention from this agreeable practice be very fully explained to the public; for, in some respects, it may be considered unfortunate. In the opinion of many clear-headed men in the City much of the current labour unrest is being fostered by irritation aroused by alleged profiteering on the part of purveyors of the necessities of the people. What could be more unfortunate at this juncture than a widespread feeling that the high price of beer was nothing less than profiteering of a particularly vicious character? For be it observed, the labour agitator is no respecter of facts which might tend to spoil his case, and he may fasten on to the argument that compulsory restriction of the output of beer should in the natural course of events have caused a decline in brewery profits. That is one side of the question. Another is that the increase in dividends may give the temperance fanatics a basis for urging that the Government has dealt all too leniently with the trade of late and that here is an opportunity for further taxation. One more point of a different character may be mentioned here: suspicion is entertained in some quarters that the increased dividends really represent "window dressing" on the part of the companies in the expectation that, in spite of official denials, a scheme of State purchase of the breweries may be sprung upon the House of Commons at a later date. At all events, it is obviously desirable that chairmen of brewery companies should take the opportunity of the annual meetings of shareholders to explain the situation fully.